

GHOST TRACKERS NEWSLETTER

The Official Paranormal Publication of the Ghost Research Society



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Ghost Trackers Newsletter

The Ghost Trackers Newsletter is the official paranormal publication of the Ghost Research Society. The GRS was founded in 1978 by Martin V. Riccardo and this publication soon followed in September of 1982. It is published and edited by Dale D. Kaczmarek, President and is put out in February, June and October.

The **Ghost Research Society** is a membership organization devoted to collecting, analyzing and researching all forms of the paranormal with an emphasis on ghosts, hauntings, poltergeists and life after death. Different memberships are available for those wishing to become more actively involved. We are also looking for officers, State Coordinators, Field Investigators and Area Research Directors for various states and countries.

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Welcome to another addition of Ghost Trackers Newsletter. Halloween was, as usual, a very busy time for me. I had loads of lectures, public appearances and bus tours as well as an ongoing haunted house investigation which will be discussed in more detail in the Ghost Research Society page of this newsletter. I would like to thank all those who sent Halloween and Christmas cards this year! Your caring is always appreciated!

• My thanks also go out to: Tom Perrott for the SPR Journals and the two books that I recently received including, "Beyond The Impossible" and "Bluff Your Way Through the Occult", Suzy Driver for her updated case history regarding her own haunted house she lives in, John Cachel for the excellent Bachelor's Grove Cemetery map and numerous paranormal photographs that he has submitted, Patricia Havasi for the Punderson Manor photographs, and Stanley Suho and Karen Kramer for their clippings. A special thanks goes out to Howard Hight for his willingness to help out.

Matt Hucke and myself will continue to update and upgrade the GRS website in the upcoming weeks. There will be additional case histories posted as well as new pictures and updated links. Watch for those to be added.

I have indeed changed Internet providers from America Online to IBM due in part to the continuous busy signals, loads of junk mail and overall bad connections that I have experienced with them particularly in the past several months. I am now with IBM and have only received two pieces of junk mail (SPAM mail) since I've been a member.

That's quite an improvement. My new email address is dkaczmarek@ibm.net.

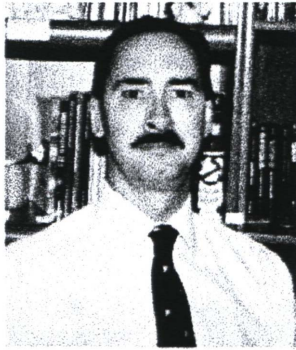
If your email address has changed or you haven't submitted your email address to me yet, please do so as I occasionally send out blurbs over the Internet to those whom I have their email addresses. It's also much easier and faster to correspond that way.

It is extremely important to notify GRS immediately upon any change of address so that your newsletter isn't somehow lost in the mail. I now have almost a half-dozen such returned packages sitting in my office without the slightest idea of where those members now reside. There is a re-ship fee if I have to resend the newsletter to a new address. So please, when you move, notify the GRS as well!

I have picked up quite a number of new ghost videos including "Haunted Gettysburg" and a series hosted by Patrick MacNee entitled "Ghost Stories". It's actually from the Sci-Fi Channel's *Mysteries, Magic and Miracles*. There's even the segment that I was featured on about haunted Chicago. I may be selling the entire six cassette series for around \$40 plus shipping. If you might be interested in purchasing a set, please notify me so I can order additional sets from the manufacturer.

I hate to be the bearer of bad news but I was recently informed that Invisible Ink, the mail order catalog of regional ghost books, has decided to call it quits. Founder, Chris Woodyard, has decided to devote more time to ghost writing and to give up the book-selling business. It's truly a shame because Invisible Ink had the best selection of regional ghost books anywhere in the country. She and her company will be missed. Best of luck Chris in your new endeavors!

Ghost Research Society



I would like to welcome the new Sustaining members: Dawn & Chris Young and Lifetime member Kaye Wagner. Welcome! I would also like to thank Jim Graczyk for upgrading to

Patron membership recently.

Since our last newsletter we have added 11 new members and have received renewals from 11 veteran members. Welcome and thanks!

The American Ghost Society is putting together another ghost conference for late July 1999 in Alton, Illinois near St. Louis. Tentative speakers include: Dale Kaczmarek, Rosemary Ellen Guiley, Dennis Hauck and others. It's never too early to request information. Call: 888-GHOSTLY or online at: www.prairieghosts.com.

I was recently featured in the Autumn 1998 edition of Ghosts of the Prairie Magazine compiled by Troy Taylor. I wrote an article on spirit photography complete with pictures. If you might have missed that issue or wish to purchase it, again contact Troy Taylor at the above.

I have just purchased a new computer which I hope will help me even more in putting out quality newsletters and analyzing spirit photographs. It's a 450 MHZ Pentium II processor with 128 mb of SDram, a 4.8x DVD ROM, 16 mb of video memory, a great sound card, 19" monitor (18" viewable) and a 100mb Zip Drive. I will still keep my current computer as a back-up and as storage for larger files. I should already have it by the time you are reading this newsletter.

I was saddened to learn that William T. Holifield, long-time member of the GRS, died of cancer recently. Mr. Holifield joined the GRS in 1983 and was a lifetime member. We wish his family all the best and we will miss him!

We are currently involved in a most unusual and spectacular investigation into a north side home where we've captured quite a number of floating balls of lights on state-of-the-art Sony Nightvision cameras. The home is approximately 75 years old and has seen multiple owners.

The current occupants moved in just two years ago and the phenomena seemed to have started almost immediately. Their cat and dog have reacted to things they cannot see. The cat constantly swats at things in the air and the dog will stare and bark at apparently nothing. The lady of the house, which we will call "D", has seen things out of the corner of her eye and images passing directly in front of her while she is writing out the bills.

The most scary incident took place twice late at night. D. woke up to discover a male figure, dressed in a blue uniform, leaning against her door jam, smiling at her. On both occasions, he slowly melted away! We have concentrated our efforts upstairs where the visual phenomena have been reported and have not only recorded but seen in "real-time" on video monitors, these dancing and floating orbs and balls of light. We have been back three times and plan a fourth to discover the source of these strange orbs. I plan to talk about this case at Troy's conference and show the videos we recorded.

Curious George: The Myth of the Ghost of George Washington At Gettysburg

By John F. Lamb



I derived enormous pleasure from Todd Womack's most recent piece in the June edition of *Ghost Trackers* as he sliced, diced and made julienne fries

of the "true" ghost tales told by Nancy Roberts. The lady is indeed a master folklorist, but the bulk of her stories must be considered fiction. One ghostly episode in particular deserves some attention and this is Robert's recounting of the spectral appearance of George Washington during the fighting at the battle of Gettysburg. The story appears in Nancy Robert's *Civil War Ghost Stories & Legends* (University of South Carolina Press, 1992) and is a corker of a tale. The only problem is that the event never occurred.

We all know George Washington didn't chop down a cherry tree or hurl a coin across the Potomac River. These were hagiographic fables created by the inventive Parson Weems that eventually became part of American folklore. And now it is my sad duty to debunk yet another myth about Washington; this one related to his purported appearance as a ghost during the American Civil War.

The belief that the specter of Washington was seen in Gettysburg seems to originate from an account of the campaign written by Union Colonel Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain. This seems to be where the present legend began, but over the years the

story has mutated. Indeed, Roberts declares that Washington was actually seen by Chamberlain's soldiers of the 20th Maine Infantry Regiment during their furious combat on Little Round Top. But an examination of Chamberlain's own words on the subject will serve to prove that no such event ever occurred.

A former professor of Rhetoric and Revealed Religion at Bowdoin University in Maine, Chamberlain was a superb officer who has, in the modern day, attained the status of cult hero. He enlisted in the Federal Army in 1862 and was initially second-in-command of the 20th Maine Volunteer Infantry Regiment. By the time of the battle of Gettysburg, however, Colonel Chamberlain had risen to command of the regiment. On the second day of fighting at Gettysburg, he conducted a stubborn defense of Little Round Top that eventually won Chamberlain the Congressional Medal of Honor.

By the war's end, Chamberlain has been wounded six times and promoted to the rank of Major General of Volunteers. From Gettysburg to Petersburg, and the final campaign to capture the Army of Northern Virginia, Chamberlain distinguished himself as superior commander and natural leader of men. So remarkable was Chamberlain's service, he was chosen by Lieutenant General Ulysses Grant to receive the Confederate surrender at Appomattox. And, in a remarkable show of compassion, the former professor had his men salute their vanquished rebel foes.

Another, less known, aspect of Chamberlain's personality was his deep sense of Christian mysticism. One need only read his monographs and texts of speeches given to postwar veteran's groups, as provided in the book *Bayonet! Forward, My Civil War Reminiscences*, (Stan Clark Military Books, 1992) to fully appreciate Chamberlain's powerful attachment to world of spirit. Joshua Chamberlain speaks lyrically of the inextinguishable nature of the human soul and the splendid sacrifice of men willing to die for a good cause. It is also in this book that Chamberlain makes mention of a story that the ghost of Washington was seen riding along the hills of Gettysburg.

In his monograph "Through Fire and Blood at Gettysburg", Chamberlain describes an arduous forced march toward the battlefield. On the evening of July 1, 1863, his weary regiment arrived in Hanover, Pennsylvania and, while in bivouac, they learned of the fighting in Gettysburg. The news was bad, for the Confederates had been victorious in this first day of combat and the mangled remnants of the First and Eleventh Federal Corps were clinging precariously to their positions on the hills south of the town. Then came the order for Chamberlain's regiment to resume their journey toward the battlefield.

As the troops marched through the darkness, Chamberlain reported that rumors began to circulate among the soldiers. It was claimed that George McClellan was again in command of the Army of the Potomac and this provoked wild cheers from the men, for they loved "Little Mac". Chamberlain then recounted another apparent rumor and it is worthwhile to quote him:

"Now from a dark angle of the roadside came a whisper, whether from earthly of unearthly voice one cannot feel

quite sure, that the August form of Washington had been seen that afternoon at sunset riding over the Gettysburg hills. Let no one smile at me! I half believed it myself, --so did the powers of the other world draw nigh!"

(Chamberlain, "*Bayonet! Forward My Civil War Reminiscences*", Page 17.)

It is abundantly clear from this account that Chamberlain never saw the ghost of Washington, nor did his men. They were on the road from Hanover to Gettysburg when the event allegedly occurred and were, therefore, in no position to see the hills of Gettysburg, much less the galloping ghost of our first president. Indeed, it can be deduced that Chamberlain believed this was likely another beneficial rumor that began to circulate among the troops. That the ghost was essentially a piece of clever propaganda can also be derived from Chamberlain's earlier reference to McClellan resuming command of the Army. This was false information (George Meade was actually the new commander) and possibly deliberately disseminated by senior officers for the purpose of temporarily raising the soldier's morale.

To explain why such a ploy might have been necessary, it is vital to recall that the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania had created an enormous sense of fatalism among the soldiers of the Union Army of the Potomac. For over a year, Lee's gray legions had repeatedly defeated their northern counterparts, who believed themselves ill-used by a series of bungling commanders. Furthermore, there was the grim realization among the Yankee troops that the southerners might strike at Washington and end the war with a Confederate victory. In this time of crisis, therefore, it could be considered natural that

the powers of heaven, made manifest in the form of George Washington's spirit, would be invoked to assist the beleaguered Union Army.

To further dissect the episode, let us more fully examine the story. It was claimed that Washington was observed riding over the hills, but which hill? No precise location has ever been given. There are several promontories in the immediate area, but each site presents problems. Seminary Ridge was in Confederate hands; Culp's Hill was wooded, therefore visibility would have been poor; Cemetery Hill and Ridge were packed with Union regiments who surely would have taken note of the ghost; and there were no troops yet stationed on Little Round Top and Round Top.

Furthermore, the hills were likely covered with mounted men. Calvary was moving to fresh positions, solitary mounted couriers were galloping with messages, and scouts were reconnoitering the region. If Washington was riding the hills of Gettysburg, we can safely assume he didn't lack for equestrian company. It is even possible that a calvary trooper seen in the gloom might have sparked the story. A tuned-up slouch hat might have appeared similar in appearance to a tricorne in the poor light. It would only have taken one mystically minded soldier to see such a mounted figure and misinterpret the episode as the ghost of Washington. Afterwards, the story would have spread like wildfire.

Another thing that alerts to the existence of the folklore origins of this ghost story is the presence of Washington's revenant spirit in a geographic locale he'd never visited. In 1755, Washington accompanied the British Army into western Pennsylvania as an aide to the doomed General Edward Braddock. Later, during

the American Revolution, he campaigned in the region surrounding Philadelphia. But there is no evidence that Washington was in any way connected with Gettysburg. This fact alone would seem to eliminate the possibility of his ghostly habitation of the site.

As time passed, the legend continued to expand and grow more spectacular. Enter Nancy Roberts who suggests that the spirit of Washington appeared during the savage fighting of Little Round Top. Indeed, we can infer from Robert's account that it was the appearance of the ghost that provided the emotional impetus for the fatigued Maine troops to conduct an unexpected and successful bayonet charge. Yet there is no documentary evidence to support this assertion. Chamberlain's description of the fight contains no mention of the spook and other eye witness statements or facts.

In conclusion, there is no compelling proof that any Federal soldier saw the ghost of Washington, on a horse or afoot in Gettysburg. Rather, this seems to be a melodramatic legend sprung from camp rumors, an error in observation, or a deliberate propaganda effort to restore the spirits of weary and disheartened troops. The story retained life through the marvelous and mystical writings of Joshua Chamberlain.

And I suppose it is only a matter of time until his specter is reported seen at Gettysburg.

Submitted by: John J. Lamb, California Area Research Director for the GRS, PO Box 371818, San Diego, CA. 92137-1818.

Haunted Catalina

Richard Senate



Twenty-six miles across the sea the island of romance looms majestic and serene. The resort town of Avalon has called the rich and famous to her shores for generations and if the many stories are true, some have

never left! Catalina is one of the most haunted places in the golden west. At least that is what researchers Anne Nathan and Rob Wlodarski believe after compiling their newest book *Haunted Catalina*. These are a few of the haunted places located in Avalon alone and featured in this intriguing book.

The Catalina Country Club - located at 100 Country Club Road. This 1927 brick building was deemed unsafe after the earthquake of 1994 and is no longer open to the public. In the 1920s and 30s it was used as the site of spring training for the Chicago Cubs baseball team. One of those players seems to still haunt the old place and was seen by Mr. Dudley Morand in 1991 when part of the building was used as Silky's Sports Bar. He saw a thin man dressed in a baseball uniform and cap wander through the place and vanish!

The Casino Building - Completed in 1929 at the then exorbitant price of two million dollars, this combination movie theater and dance pavilion has always been known as 'the casino' even though there never has

been gambling conducted in the building. The round structure is the best known landmark in Avalon and yes, it is said to have its own share of ghosts. There is a remarkable cold spot located near the bar and odd sounds and events have been linked to the ladies bathroom. Organ sounds once echoed through the lobby during one tour. The source of the music was unknown. Cold breezes and a strange atmosphere linger in the old Ballroom where Bob Crosby, Kay Kaiser, and Bennie Goodman once played to packed houses.

The Holly Hill House - This 1890 Queen Anne Style house has stood overlooking Avalon as a landmark for decades. The pointed roof of the tower is unmistakable to anyone entering the bay. It was named the 'look out cot' by its builder. Some say the place is haunted by a ghostly child who left footprints upon the floor - footprints that vanished half way in the middle of a room. Over the years many people say that they have heard footsteps in the house, felt blasts of cold air and the unexpected feeling of being watched by something invisible. Whatever the nature of the ghost all agree that it is a friendly spirit that seems to watch over the landmark house on the hill.

The Zane Grey Pueblo - 199 Chimes Tower Road. Today this lavish home is open as a hotel and offers visitors one of the most striking vistas of Avalon Bay. It was built as a private home for western author Zane Grey who wrote over 80 novels and short stories. He lived in the house until his

death in 1939. Hotel staff and visitors tell of moving shadows and "odd events" at the place. Footsteps echo in the area just outside the office. A shadowy form has been seen coming out of one of the rooms and some believe it is the restless specter of Mr. Grey himself still plotting one of his western adventures, still writing and creating long after the transition some call death. It is not a frightening spirit and it seems to just co-habit with the present visitors. If it is the ghost of Zane Grey, he still retains his western hospitality.

The Glenmore Plaza Hotel - 120 Sumner Avenue. This hundred-year-old hotel has several rooms that are said to be haunted. The ghostly activity has been reported in rooms 17 and 401. The so-called 'Clark Gable Room', number 401, is the largest room in the old hotel and people have reported odd goings-on including the smell of smoke. Room 17 is best known for the phantom parties that disturb those in nearby rooms. When they complain to the front desk they discover that Room 17 is unoccupied. The lobby has been the scene of a ghostly encounter or two and the whole hotel is bathed in the atmosphere of another time and place.

Hotel Catalina - 129 Whittley Avenue. The cottages attached to this 1918 landmark have their own set of ghostly residents. Cottages 'C' and 'D' have ghosts that are manifest in the winter months. Door open and close by themselves, and ghostly forms appear in the kitchen areas of the two cottages. Some even report lights flipping on and off and the toilet flushing at odd times in the night. The lobby of the Hotel Catalina is the center of several bizarre events - most often reported are footsteps. The hallway near Room 205 is rumored to be most active in the winter months. Across the Island, at Two Harbors

stands another haunted house that is open to the public.

The Banning House. Built in 1909 this rambling house is haunted by a man who wanders the Main Room and stairway of the place. He may well be one of the Banning brothers who constructed the place and still lingers nearby. It is operated as a bed and breakfast place for those who wish a peaceful, out of the way spot to relax and enjoy the view.

These sites and many more are found within the pages of Anne Nathan and Rob Wlodarski's fascinating book *Haunted Catalina*. It can be found at several bookstores on Santa Catalina Island or it can be ordered through G-HOST Publishing, 8701 Lara Place, West Hills, CA. 91304 (818-340-6676). Books can also be purchased at the Phantom Bookshop, 451 E. Main Street, Ventura, CA. I might add that the introduction to the work was by a little known local author: Richard Senate.

Submitted by: Richard Senate, Special Consultant to the GRS, 10061 Carlyle St., Ventura, CA. 93004.

Website:

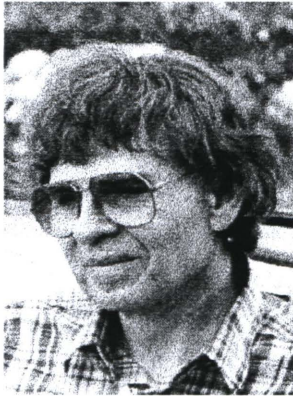
<http://aim.tj/JAM/ghost/ghstglry.htm>

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The Ghosts of Order Number Eleven

Maurice Schwalm

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Money was the source of many tragedies during the Civil War in Kansas City. It wrecked the economy of the city and the functioning of many homes as well. Early in 1861, a giant-sized Confederate flag flew on Walnut

Street downtown. Then 200 Union infantrymen marched off a steamboat with fixed bayonets. Virtually within minutes, no flag could be seen except "Old Glory". Then an Army camp was built at 10th and Central, also downtown. From that point on Kansas City was an occupied city! There are even to this time, ghosts that bemoan the fate of the city and the surrounding counties. Money, of course, is involved. Kansas Citiens think money.

As a result of the war, people left town and many businesses simply closed for the duration. Gold and silver were scarce. Paper money was used instead for small purchases and change. A prosperous firm, Northrup & Chick, moved their store and their bank to New York rather than endure the barracks conditions that prevailed. Majors & Wadell, the freight shipping company, moved to Fort Leavenworth to continue their operations for the U.S.

Government after their warehouse was robbed. W.H. Chick's warehouse on the levee was burned. He then moved his family to the New Mexico territory.

That year also brought the collapse of a building on Grand Avenue that housed the relatives of various territories (bushwhackers). The incident led to Quantrill's raid on the town of Lawrence. The town was burned and hundreds killed.

One thing led to another. General Thomas Ewing then issued his famous, or infamous, Order Number 11 by terms of which all persons living in rural areas must vacate unless they could prove Union sympathies. Many left in sorrow and in haste. And many buried their treasures! This is the sort of information that would be remembered both by the alive and the dead. The order itself is well remembered, not only for its brutality but also because it was immortalized by George Caleb Bingham's painting by the same name. The painting haunted General Ewing in the postwar era. Nobody wanted to vote for Order Number 11 when he ran for public office.

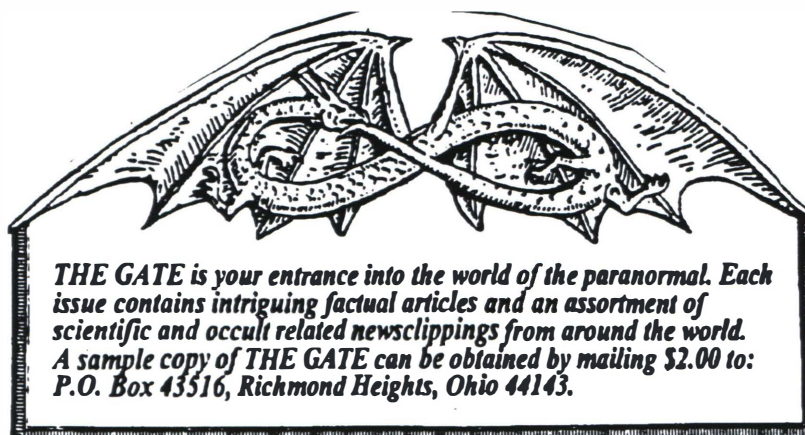
In 1864, Confederate General Price began his plunder-filled raid on Missouri which started with an approach to St. Louis and then moved across the state, gathering spoils as it went. By the time he reached the Kansas City (Westport) area, he had 12,000 men including recruits who had joined the march and a wagon train of booty and 3,000

head of cattle. He met the forces of the Union Army in an area which includes what is now Loose Park. Loose Park is surrounded by a residential area known as Sunset Hills.

It is there that the ghost in question is to be found. She is a 10-year-old girl in perhaps 1860s attire. She haunts the house of a prominent doctor. She appears fully formed. Mediumistic contact with her indicated that she is hostile to the doctor

because she fears he seeks her family treasures which were buried at the time of Order Number 11. Sunset Hills at that time was known only as a country area leading down Wornall Road to Wornall House where the wounded were tended. The doctor should have been there.

Submitted by: Maurice Schwalm, PO Box 3522, Kansas City, MO. 66103-0522.



My Haunted House

Maggie Cooper

In the year nineteen-forty-six, when I was eight years old, my father bought what was then a lavish home in our small town of Defiance, Ohio. The house with several stained glass windows and next to the front porch a half circle front wall with a dome roof reminded me of a castle.

The upstairs had four large bedrooms, one bathroom, and a gloomy hallway. While three of the bedrooms were sunny with large windows, the back bedroom was dismal with two small gabled windows and a door leading to the storage room with one small square window on the outside wall.

Just to the left of this door, a walled-in back stairs curved sharply at the top which presented some danger, since any unknowing person could easily walk through the doorway, take one step to the left and tumble down a flight of about twenty steps to another sharp curve around a landing that opened to the kitchen. I didn't like the upstairs.

The ground floor was typical with large kitchen, dining room, study and bath, family parlor and front parlor. I liked the downstairs; it felt comfortable and secure.

Then there was the basement with three large rooms reeking of mildew and dusty air. I liked the basement even less than I liked the upstairs.

Mom was happy with the house. Dad was proud of his purchase since the previous owner had wanted fifteen thousand dollars and Dad had paid nine thousand five hundred dollars, a steal even in those days.

It took me less than a week to learn from the neighborhood children why the house had been sold at such a low price. The house was haunted.

The story, according to my new friends, began seventy-five years earlier when John, the first owner, had murdered his wife Ester during an argument in one of the upstairs bedrooms. Since John was a respected businessman in town, he had no desire to confess to this murder and decided to secretly dispose of Ester's body. For reasons unknown, John cut off Ester's head and shoved it all the way to the back of a deep alcove above a closet in the bedroom where they'd argued. After doing this, John dragged Ester's headless body through the dark upstairs hallway to the back bedroom and stuffed the gory form into the dark recesses of a closet that made a sharp left turn behind the hanging clothes and ran alongside the storage room wall.

There is a difference of opinion as to what happened next. Some people say after the cook and maid left for their homes that night, John dragged Ester's body out of the closet, down the back stairs, through the kitchen, down the basement steps, through the laundry room, and into the furnace room where he burned Ester's body in the furnace. Other people say the furnace was not installed until the nineteen-twenties, that John cut Ester's body into pieces and burned various parts in each of the fireplaces situated in almost every room. A third opinion was that John had buried Ester's body under the furnace room floor.

Since John was a respectable person and explained Ester's sudden absence by saying she'd gone on an emergency trip to visit her father, no one gave the slightest thought to questioning him. Ester, however, was one of those people who carried a grudge even to the grave. When a house guest spent the night in the room with Ester's head in the closet alcove (none of my friends explained why no one noticed the smell of decomposition) and ran out screaming that he had seen Ester's head floating around the room, neighbors began to talk.

Martha, one of Ester's friends who never liked John, sent a letter to Ester's father. When the reply came that Ester had never come to visit, Martha hired a detective to investigate.

John had covered his tracks quite well and probably would have gotten away with the crime if Ester hadn't insisted on following him around the house every night, her head floating after him upstairs, her voice crying to him from the back bedroom closet, her headless body wandering the basement furnace room. The maid and cook gossiped about John, who walked daily for hours along the upstairs hallway. Neighbors heard John frequently screaming for hours at night.

Apparently, John's mind finally snapped. One morning when the maid and cook entered the kitchen to start their day they heard a strange sound coming from the storage room stairs. They opened the door, peered up the flight of steps, and found John's body swinging from a rope at the top of the stairs with its drop-off curve.

For many years afterward, more than a few people living near the house or passing by it often saw strange lights in the house when the occupants were gone or heard terrified screams coming from the upstairs.

Most people who moved into that house never stayed long.

When I told Mom about the story, she laughed and said yes, a man had killed himself in the house, but I shouldn't worry. Mom would never let a dumb ghost bother our family.

Both of my parents, in their golden years, when practical people. When visitors to our new home commented about strange events in the house, Mom insisted there was no such thing as a ghost and all terrors existed only in mortal minds. Dad, a man who could scare even the devil, simply grunted in disgust whenever I asked him about the ghost story.

I, wanting parental approval, agreed and the three of us enjoyed our reputation as the people who weren't afraid of ghosts. Teenaged trick or treaters who came to our house that Halloween, found the tables turned when Dad sneaked out the back door to hide under our front porch and moan in what our neighbors said was a good imitation of the unexplained howlings.

Deciding to continue the fun on my own, I told the ghost story to my baby-sitters while leading them through the house to point out the places of each grizzly event. After one of the sitters ran screaming from the furnace room, leaving me home alone, Dad took a dim view of my antics and I found more comfortable ways to tell my ghost story.

There were moments, though, which even Mom and Dad could not explain. I had a pet cat named Angel which Mom shut in the basement at night or whenever we were away from the house. Dad insisted a cat should never be confined and he always left one of our basement tornado doors open to allow Angel a means of escape. Mom didn't like this idea since we lived near a train track

and hobos could easily sneak into the basement to sleep or steal some of our canned food. Dad grumped that even hobos needed food and shelter and the door remained forever open.

One day, Mom as usual sent Angel to the basement and locked the door between the kitchen and basement. Dad as usual left the tornado door open. We then went to the Toledo Zoo, an all-day outing.

We arrived home later that night and for some unexplainable reason, I believed something bad had happened to Angel. In spite of my parents reminding me about Angel's easy access outside in case of danger, my worry did not go away. I ran into our kitchen and called down the basement stairs for my pet. (I never entered the basement alone.) I heard a faint, terrified meowing and called harder.

Mom listened and said the sounds were not coming from the basement but from the downstairs. Dad led us through the rooms where we located the cries coming from the front parlor which remained locked except for special occasions. Mom unlocked the door and I found Angel, trembling with his eyes wide in fear, crouched under a table at the far side of the room. When Angel recognized us, he bolted toward me, then continued running through the other rooms, down the basement steps and out of the house.

That mystified Mom since there was no way Angel on his own could have entered the downstairs, let alone get into the parlor. It was Mom's only time when she mentioned the possibility of preternatural interference.

Dad insisted Angel had become bored and had climbed up from the basement through the fireplace. Even if this feat had been possible for a cat, Angel could not have done it since all the fireplaces except one in

the front parlor had been sealed off. Dad had no explanation why Angel didn't leave the house via the tornado door when threatened with whatever had scared him.

Mom seemed more cautious after that but she still insisted Dad was right, there was no such thing as a ghost. Angel did not return for over a week. Dad said Angel was a tom cat and toms always prowled for days on end. Mom, in her usual way to remove my fears, turned the incident into a joke with "Mr. Ghost" as the villain.

At times we had to strain to remember Mr. Ghost was our imagination, according to Dad. One Saturday morning while Mom and I changed sheets in one of the upstairs bedrooms which were rented out to the college football team, we both felt a coldness enter the room.

"Winter's coming early. Wind's picking up," Mom said and ignored my remark about the windows being closed.

We heard what I said were footsteps and Mom walked to the door, peered up and down the hallway. Shaking her head, she returned to the stack of folded bed linen on a chair and picked up a pair of pillowcases. The footsteps came closer and Mom, who never seemed to get upset at anything, said it was only the house settling.

I sensed something in the room with us and I saw Mom's eye reflect what might be called fear. We stood still and watched the bed linen, piece by piece, fly from the chair and across the room. Mom grumbled and my only thought was sympathy for Mr. Ghost since Mom didn't like to be bothered when she was cleaning house. Mom stacked the linen on the chair and again the linen flew by its own power across the room. Unable to hold my fear any longer, I began to cry.

"All right," Mom said sternly to the empty air. "That's enough nonsense, Mr.

Ghost. You are welcome to live with us, but you must behave or I will call in an exorcist.”

For reasons known only to those in the next life, the presence left. As far as I know, Mr. Ghost never bothered Mom again.

But when Mom wasn't around, Mr. Ghost acted up. There was the night when one of our football players fell over the banister to our front stairs and landed on a piano bench with enough force to break it in six pieces. Instead of waiting for his friends to come downstairs and help him, the man jumped up and ran out of the house. He refused to return even to get his possessions.

After the football players graduated and my older sister Pauline, who had been in a mental hospital, returned to live with us, Mom stopped renting the upstairs. My parents continued using the downstairs study for their bedroom, which I had shared with them, but I chose to take over one of the upstairs bedrooms to be close to Pauline who preferred the “head room” since it was the smallest and the most easy to clean.

Mom warned me not to scare Pauline with my ghost stories and even though I obeyed, Pauline still woke up screaming one night about a woman's head floating around the room. In the early fifties, people had no tolerance for released mental patients and Dad cautioned Pauline not to say anything for fear she might be called crazy again and returned to Toledo State Hospital. Pauline never again mentioned anything about her room but more than a few nights I heard her screaming from behind the locked door. I do not know why she stayed in that room. I moved into every room up there and liked none of them. The back bedroom terrified me and I stayed there less than a week. Eventually, I returned downstairs and slept in the front parlor.

When I entered my teens, I seemed to become more receptive to the strangeness of our house, such as the sounds of someone dragging a heavy object along the upstairs hallway or the icy coldness of the closet in our back bedroom. Every time I walked around the top curve of the back stairs, my hair stood on end and I felt as if someone were there with me.

I began to question some of Dad's explanations about the unexplainable. For example, the stain from our furnace to the drain in the floor. If it was rust from hard water like Dad had said, why was it the only rust stain in the house and why did it run from the furnace to the drain instead of appearing in spots around the floor? Why didn't the stain grow from repeated floor scrubbing? And, most of all, why couldn't Mom who was an immaculate housekeeper ever remove the stain? Dad never answered my questions. He just grumped at my notion about the stain being blood instead of rust.

During my seventeenth year, Dad sold the house and we moved to a ranch style home located of all places next to a cemetery. The people who had bought our old home lived there for a short time and sold it for almost nothing. I left Defiance when I turned eighteen and forgot about my haunted house. Seven or eight years later, I began to have nightmares about this house.

The dreams were always the same: My husband Bob and I and our five children moved back into my haunted house and only I knew we should not go upstairs. But at night we had to go upstairs to go to bed. Bob decided all of us should sleep in the back bedroom. I refused to enter that room and, while Bob and our children slept there I remained in the hallway. Within a short time, a man began screaming horrible shrieks of agony, sending Bob racing with our

I remained in the hallway. Within a short time, a man began screaming horrible shrieks of agony, sending Bob racing with our children out of the room toward me. I hesitated only long enough to see what could have been a handsome man if his face were not so distorted in pain lumber from the storage room into the back bedroom and then down the hallway. He wore rotted clothing and kept his arms stretched out with his hands trying to grab me. We always escaped the house in my dream and the house always crashed to the ground, swallowing the phantom with it.

These nightmares happened every month for several years, then suddenly they stopped as mysteriously as they had begun. Living away from home and with little communication with my family, I did not know at that time the final chapter in the history of our house.

The last people to live there, a man and his wife I shall call Frank and Edna, had moved into our home around the same time my nightmares began. Feeling uncomfortable about sleeping upstairs, Frank and Edna also converted the study into a bedroom.

On the first night of the next month, husband and wife were awakened by the tortured screams of a man apparently in the storage room. They guessed the man was a hobo who had come into the basement from the cold and somehow had wandered upstairs where he'd lost his way.

Frank ran to the kitchen and yanked open the door leading to the back stairs. Warning Edna to stay in the kitchen in case of trouble, Frank dashed up the steps toward the voice now shrieking and laughing like a madman. Edna waited, then came silence, she heard Frank scream, "God, oh God! No! No!"

Frank ran back downstairs (some people said his hair had turned white then) and told Edna to help him barricade the door.

When Edna asked him what he'd seen, Frank only said, "Don't ask me. Don't ever ask me."

The next day Frank sealed off the back bedroom and walled over the kitchen door leading to the back stairs. For the rest of the time that they lived there, this unwelcome intruder cried his hellish wails on the first of every month, the same night I had my repetitious nightmare.

At last, Frank sold the property to a church nearby. The house was torn down, the basement filled in, and the ground paved over for a parking lot. Rumors circulated about workmen having found a skull in the cubby over the "head room" closet.

I don't know if that happened but I do know my nightmares ended then, even though I would not know about the fate of our house for another two years.

I can't explain the circumstances concerning this house. I won't even try. But I like to think that somehow the destruction of my old home at last brought peace to John and Ester.

Submitted by: Maggic Cooper, GRS
Contributing Member from Jacksonville,
Florida.



Specters of Fort Clinch

Lee Holloway

For many years, boaters returning to shore after sundown have reported seeing strange lights near the ruins of the old fort at the northern tip of Amelia Island.

One of the more recent sightings was reported by Jim Frederickson who was assigned to a ship at the nearby Mayport Naval Station. Frederickson recalls he and two buddies were returning from a fishing trip one evening in late April or early May.

"We had been offshore fishing for kingfish, blackfin, mackerel, and we'd had a good day. It was, oh, around 9 o'clock or a little later after when we were rounding the north end of the island, heading for the docks at Fernandina. What we saw was what looked like somebody walking along the shore with a light. I'd heard people say there was a ghost that walked the shore carrying a lantern. It was supposed to be a guard walking the shore looking for enemy ships."

Although Frederickson has had his doubts about the identity of the ghost, he is confident he and his friends had an encounter with the supernatural. "We all three saw it, whatever it was. At first, it looked like somebody walking along the beach carrying a light--or lantern. It was coming toward us, but when we got closer, to a point where it should have been directly adjacent to the boat, it suddenly appeared again at what I guess was its starting point. What it was like was a sentry walking from point A to point B and back, but when he reached point B, he suddenly reappeared at point A. It was that fact that made us realize whatever it was, wasn't real.

"Of course, I think the story of the ghost on guard duty looking for enemy ships is bunk. I mean, common sense tells you

that you don't go out looking for enemy ships at night carrying a light, so I know it's not that. But we did see something and I'm not going to say it wasn't a ghost, because I think there is a lot we don't understand. I mean, what about the *Forrestal*, it was stationed right here and they say it was haunted."

(The aircraft carrier *USS Forrestal* was said to be haunted by mysterious footsteps, whistles, phantom voices, etc. It was commonly believed the ghost was that of a man who died in a fire aboard the carrier in 1967 in which 134 men were killed.)

Ranger Robert Barringer, who serves at Fort Clinch State Park, cannot identify the lantern-toting sentry spotted by boaters, but says back in 1996, a volunteer encountered a woman in white holding a lantern. "One of our women volunteers who lived in the hospital says she has seen a figure in all white, like a nurse, carrying a lantern."

Another park ranger said during one of his duty weekends another volunteer also reported an encounter with the lantern-carrying lady. "One of our volunteers was staying on the top floor of the storehouse at one of the garrisons. She was looking for something in her bag and it was dark and she couldn't see. A woman was walking by carrying a lantern, so the volunteer asked if she would hold the light for her. The woman came in and held the lantern for her until she found whatever she was looking for, and then left the room. Later on, when she thanked the other volunteer on duty for holding the light for her, she found out the other woman hadn't even been in the fort at that time."

The volunteer suddenly realized her

tall, stout co-worker in her dark skirt and blouse did not even resemble the lady with the lantern--a small woman dressed in white.

There are other specters at the abandoned fort, according to Barringer. "A fellow was asleep in a bunk one night and he was wakened by the clomp-clomp-clomp of boots. The sound stopped at his bedside. He rolled over--and nobody was there."

Although the park ranger claims he does not believe in ghosts, he seems eager to recount the supernatural legends associated with the place, and begins telling the story of the July phantoms. It seems one July night, two volunteers sitting on a porch looking out onto the grounds bathed in the light of a bright full moon, observed the apparitions of four Civil War soldiers run out of a tunnel and over an embankment.

"The next year," Barringer continues, "the volunteers made sure they were there again during the July full moon. Sure enough, three ghosts came down the northwest bastion tunnel, across the parade ground, and started up the ramp."

According to Barringer, one of the volunteers called to the apparitions: "There were four of you last year. Where's the fourth man?"

One of the figures called back: "He's sick tonight. Couldn't come!"

Construction of Fort Clinch, named for Gen. Duncan Lamont Clinch, hero of the Second Seminole War, began in 1847, but was never completed. Invention of the rifled canon in 1867 and improved gunpowder made its brick construction obsolete. During its 150-year existence, the bastion had been used only sporadically. At the outbreak of the War Between the States, Confederate forces used the fort to protect the area from attack by sea, however, by March, 1862, Union forces had gained control.

In 1898, Fort Clinch was declared to be no longer of military value and abandoned by the federal government. It was offered for sale in 1926, purchased by the state of Florida in 1935 and opened as a public park in 1938. But three years later, the old fort was once again utilized as a military facility with the Army, Navy and Coast Guard maintaining joint communications and surveillance systems within its fortified walls during World War II.

The many spirits haunting Fort Clinch may come from any of the various time periods in which it was occupied. Although the three--or four--soldiers seen under a full July moon are presumably from the Union occupation during the Civil War, the origins of the spook light on the beach, the lantern-carrying lady in white and the phantom footsteps, are unknown.

There is one other intermittent occurrence of a supernatural nature at the fort, the cries of a phantom child in the southwest bastion tunnel. Although several explanations have been offered for this phenomenon, the most plausible is that a caravan of gypsies camped at the fort during the 1920s. It was summer; it was hot; and there was an outbreak of yellow fever. The gypsies moved from the confines of their wagons and set up household in the cool, dark tunnels of Fort Clinch.

Nevertheless, several of their number died and were hastily buried in unmarked graves. One of the deaths was that of a young child. It is believed the cries heard in the unused tunnel of the old red brick fort are the dying wails of the gypsy child.

Submitted by: Lee Holloway, GRS member,
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Haunted Prison

Daniel McAney

In the course of events dealing with the subject of “hauntings,” one particular place certainly has to stand out as a possible contender.

It just so happens that this place should be a prison. The “Clemmons” unit in Brazoria, Texas, to be exact.

I’ve never been there myself, but the accounts of those who have are all too convincing, and are the material that Hollywood could make a movie out of.

An associate of mine at this unit, whom I’ll refer to as “Juan”, was housed there for a number of years, during the early eighties. It was during this time, that Clemmons went by the very accurate nickname of “HELL!”

Fights. Beatings. Theft. Suicides. Rapes. And most of all murders, were so commonplace that they were expected. Many of the guards dared not walk through any cell-block for fear of their lives. A number even quit rather than be forced to go back.

If the inmates were going to be THAT brutal with the guards, imagine just how they must have been with each other.

Violence is common within any prison, but Clemmons just seemed to breed it into people. The majority of inmates housed there, were not nearly that brutal to begin with. It wasn’t until after they began living there that they became that way. Ordinary men, who before were fully capable of self-

control and rational behavior, would now fight and kill for the slightest reason. You could get stabbed for even looking at someone the wrong way.

There was just an overall “feeling” (as Juan could best describe it), within the walls, that ate away at everyone, and made them go over the edge. It was as though people living there were possessed by something, and made to be filled with anger. (As religiously corny as that might sound, it comes from a man who has always been a die-hard non-believer.)

Juan would tell me that should you and your cellie be alone in your cell together, you would both honestly sense a third presence. Like there was someone else in the room with you. He assured me that this was not some adolescent fantasy conjured up in the middle of the night, but an honest to goodness presence that was whole-heartedly felt by grown men.

Inmates during that time, would get a hold of paint, and paint the walls of their cells. Juan used to paint his black, which seemed to be a popular color back then for inmates. They would even create and adorn occult symbols and figures to be placed within the cell itself.

There were times, late at night, when a loud metallic sound would fill the cell-blocks. It was as though someone were banging upon the steel pipes behind the walls. Despite constant demands to stop it,

the sound would continue. Following an investigation, it was discovered that the pipes in question, were inaccessible to inmates, and the guards working that area, were all proven to have been somewhere else at the time.

Another strange tale, were the times at night that the loud ear-piercing sound of someone crying out in torment would wake everyone.

The wale, according to those familiar with such a sound, was like that of someone being raped. The very same nonsensical, verbal expression of both protest and helplessness.

Everyone on the cell-block heard the cry, but all swore not to have made it. Being that all inmates are housed so closely together; when one makes a loud sound, there is always bound to be someone to tell exactly where it came from. No one could this time though.

Any vessel can only withstand so much pressure before it explodes, and I suppose that Clemmons finally did, when it was discovered exactly what the entire unit was built upon.

While working out in the fields one day, with a few other inmates, Juan happened to glance around, and noticed the area where he and the rest of the workers were at, was dry. This was rather odd, considering that the unit itself was being pounded with rain. It was only raining on the unit itself, and no where else.

Clemmons was built on top of a hill, and to view it from the fields, is to look up to it, from a distance.

On that particular day; Juan and the rest of the field workers, could only gaze up at the unit, as it was shrouded in darkness, while being beaten on by rain, thunder and lightning. The sight chilled each man literally

to the bone, and it resembled some castle out of a Frankenstein movie.

At the end of the day; Juan and the rest of the men, were preparing to leave, and Juan himself, was walking across the field. His foot suddenly gave way, and fell into the ground to get stuck. Finally freeing himself; he happened to notice that he had stepped upon a hole that had become covered with time.

Both he and a few other men began poking the handle-end of their hoes down into the ground to see just if there was anything down there. They finally came upon something solid, and began poking it even harder. Whatever it was down there, finally broke, and the sound was like something snapping.

With a little digging, they soon discovered that what they had found was actually a bone. A human bone. And the rest of the skeleton was down there with it.

By this time, a Captain had come out to see just what all the trouble was, and when he was informed that there was a human body buried down there, he went into a flying rage! He ordered all the men back inside, and threatened each one of them with retaliation, should they ever speak a word about what they had found.

One inmate though, finally found the courage to inform his family about it, and they in turn, informed the federal government. An investigation was begun, much to the total objection of the warden, and it was discovered that there was indeed a human skeleton buried down in that field. But it wasn't the only one.

As it turned out; there were quite a number of skeletons buried within that field, and they had been there before that unit was even built. That entire field, and even the area that the unit had constructed upon, was

a graveyard. A cemetery existed there, long before Clemmons was built, but the gravestones mysteriously were gone.

Texas had knowingly constructed a prison unit directly on top of an old cemetery.

Any story this strange cannot be kept from the news-media forever, and eventually it found its way into mainstream America. A Catholic Bishop even came out to bless the

place with Holy water. I don't really know just how much good that did, but having the secret of Clemmons unit finally out, the uneasy feeling that existed within its walls, soon faded away.

Submitted by: Daniel McAssey of Tennessee Colony, TX.

Animal Ghost Story

I have had quite a few encounters with ghosts, but my favorite was with my dog, J.D. In November of 1994, at 15 in people years, I had to put him to sleep. He had been my companion for so many years it was weird to not have him around. After about a week, I was still so sad that I asked my sister to come for a visit to try to cheer me up and take my mind off of him. She came up for three or four days and on the last night when I was in bed, thinking about how I hoped I wouldn't feel alone after she'd left, I actually heard J.D.

He walked into the room, nails clicking on the hardwood floor, collar jingling, came in next to my bed, did the

I just read your article on "Animal Ghosts" (Internet article) and yes, it's true. When I was around 4/5 years old, living in the Philippines, my mom's dog, Timmy, died of old age. I recall him having breathing problems and he would drag his leash around.

It must have been weeks after he passed away that I used to hear him in the hallway near my parent's room. It was the same spot he slept that I'd hear his chain, his breathing and sneezing, but Timmy wasn't physically there. I didn't feel scared; I felt a loss. I wanted Timmy back, yet as a little

couple circles he always used to do before lying down and then plopped on the floor. Then he let out a sigh, like he always used to do, as if to say, (Ah, ready for bed). I sat there for probably fifteen seconds thinking, did that really just happen.

My sister was in bed across the hall and all I did was say her name and she said, "Yes Sandy, I heard him too."

I knew then that he was alright and that he would look after me and not to be sad anymore.

Submitted via email from Summerash.

girl, I knew I couldn't have him back. Only in spirit. I asked my dad about that 'noise' (breathing, leash etc.) we were hearing. He confirmed to me that it must be Timmy.

To this day, I will never forget the very spot I felt his presence, the people in the room with me, the weather, the lightning...as if I was there. Yes, Timmy was a GREAT dog, and he will always be in my heart. Even his ghost.

Gina from the Internet.

Book Reviews

Haunted Indiana by Mark Marimen
(Thunder Bay Press, softbound, 155 pages,
\$12.95, 1997, ISBN: 1-882376-38-2)

Several books in a series produced by Thunder Bay Press on the supernatural and probably one of the best! Mr. Merimen takes the reader on a supernatural ride through the Hoosier state with some never before told tales of terror.

Some of the tales would be familiar to Indiana and even Chicago area readers such as: the Ghosts of Cline Avenue which document another hitchhiking female figure which has been seen for many years, the Faceless Nun of Foley Hall, the Legend of Stiffy Green in Highland Lawn Cemetery in Terre Haute and perhaps even El Llorona of Cline Avenue.

Some of the other stories were new ones to me and I thoroughly enjoyed the book!

Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunt Hunter's Guide to Florida by Joyce Elson Moore (Pineapple Press, Inc., PO Box 3899, Sarasota, FL. 34230, softbound, 168 pages, \$12.95, 1998, ISBN: 1-56164-150-2)

An excellent book for the ghostly traveler and one of the first books I've come across that is dedicated to Florida! The author does a great job of telling and retelling these stories which are divided by region; Northwest, Northeast, Southeast, etc.

While some of the stories have been talked about in other books such as; Ashley's

in Rockledge, the Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables, the Artist House in Key West and others; most are new and exciting.

Illustrated with pictures, which is always a plus, in any book I review, the author also tells the reader information about visiting the site including hours of operation, admission fee (if any), contact phone number and exact directions from major streets.

Armed with this information, the amateur or professional ghost hunter can feel confident that he or she will arrive during times the building or location is open and won't get lost in the process.

Rated an 8 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Plausible Ghosts by Joshua P. Warren
(Shadowbox Publications, PO Box 16801, Asheville, NC. 28816, softbound, 159 pages, \$9.95, 1996, ISBN: 0-9649370-1-8)

The first of two books by Mr. Warren. This one goes into the theories, explanations, methods and ideas involved in the field of ghost hunting. Interestingly written with thought-provoking ideas and never before heard or thought of theories put forward by the author.

Chapter One: Energy and Life is broken down into three exercises and information about psychics, auras, thought transfer and telekinesis.

Chapter Two: Death and Beyond covers what death is, parallel realms, haunted houses, psychic imprints, poltergeists and ghostly encounters.

Finally, Chapter Three is divided into two parts. Part One: Theory on the Field

deals with skepticism, methods of ghost detection, cameras and tape recorders, mirrors, psionic devices, Ouija boards and mediums while Part Two: A Casefile is exclusively devoted to following an actual case to its logical conclusion.

One of the more interesting theories is talked about in the section on mirrors, and I quote: *"When we look into a mirror, all we are really seeing is light, right? Therefore, what you are creating is an infinite tunnel of light. Light is energy. Therefore, you are actually creating an infinite tunnel of energy. It has no end, so it theoretically bridges the two realms of the physical and energy.....It creates what can be properly known as a spiritual 'gateway.'"*

Kind of boggles the mind, doesn't it? This and another interesting theories and hypothesis' fill the book.
Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Mountain Ghost Stories and Curious Tales of Western North Carolina by Randy Russell and Janet Barnett (John E. Blair, Publisher, 1406 Plaza Dr., Winston-Salem, NC. 27103, hardcover, 109 pages, \$11.95, 1996, ISBN: 0-89587-064-9)

The title should actually be reversed on this book: i.e. Curious Tales and Mountain Ghost Stories as there are more of the tales than there are actual ghost stories.

Eighteen tales are spun on such topics as Bigfoot, witches, fairy crosses and the famous Brown Mountain Lights. However many strange tales and legends are told like the immortal Nunnehi and Ulagu, the Giant Yellow Jacket and mountains that talk back.

The stories are short; some only a

few pages with absolutely no illustrations, drawings, artwork or pictures.

Somewhat interesting and fanciful reading at the same time.

Rated a 4 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunted Island: True Stories from Martha's Vineyard by Holly Mascott Nadler (Down East Books, Camden, Maine, softbound, 143 pages, \$10.95, 1994, ISBN: 0-89272-353-X)

I picked up this book while in Salem, Massachusetts a few years ago and am glad that I did. A wonderful book devoted to a single area. Martha's Vineyard is, truly, a haunted island as many residents can attest. *Haunted Island* presents a fascinating selection of their firsthand encounters with the supernatural side of this fabled island.

There are the ghostly entities of Chappaquiddick that just may have played a part in the notorious 1969 car accident that resulted in a tragic drowning and a firestorm of scandal.

And the spirit in an empty house who incessantly murmured a prayer for the dead (in French) in the ear of a terrified young woman.

The ghost of aristocrat Desire Coffin, called back from the Other Side by the power of music and the memory of lost love.

Mysterious Room 8 at one haunted inn, accessible only by way of a cramped hidden staircase, and the focus of many unexplained events...including the total disappearance of one guest.

All stories are true and tastefully told as only the author can. I especially enjoyed the chapter on Copacetic!

Rated an 8 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

The Ghost Hunter's Handbook by Troy Taylor (White chapel Productions, 888-GHOSTLY, www.prairieghosts.com, small paper, 52 pages, \$7.95, 1997, ISBN: 0-9651497-6-5)

Finally...a comprehensive and well-written booklet on the ins and outs of ghost hunting and research! Written by esteemed author and researcher Troy Taylor. Mr. Taylor is President of the American Ghost Society and author of several books on Illinois ghosts.

This booklet goes over every conceivable aspect of ghost hunting including: what are ghost, where to find them to the actual tools of the trade that all investigators should possess such as EMF devices, cameras, tape recorders and other detection devices.

The author also discusses the use of Ouija boards, EVP (Electronic Voice Phenomena), Infrared photography and even how to properly interview witnesses to paranormal phenomena.

Rules for investigations are laid out in a detailed and orderly process and a step-by-step guide is included. Researching the history of a location, getting rid of the ghost and a recommended reading list are all included as well.

This is something I had thought about putting together for a long time but I don't think I could have done a better job than Taylor did. A must for all serious and amateur ghost researchers!

Rated a 9 in a 1-10 scale!

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Presence in the Parlor by Ed Okonowicz (Myst and Lace Publishers, Inc., 1386 Fair Hill Lane, Elkton, MD. 21921, softbound, 106 pages, \$9.95, 1997, ISBN: 0-9643244-7-4)

Volume five in a series of books dedicated to true stories of ghostly encounters in Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and New Jersey.

A few of the stories included in the book brought back pleasant memories for me such as the USS Constellation which I had the chance to visit a few years ago in the Inner Harbor of Baltimore, Maryland. It's said to be haunted by several ghosts including one sailor who was killed most violently by his captain after he was found asleep during his watch. Although the historians don't agree with that particular story, it's still enough to stir up a ghost or two.

Then there are the Hessian ghosts often seen in National Park, New Jersey and the ghost in the attic in Perryville, Maryland.

The Richard Woodnutt House Bed and Breakfast which is open to the public boasts of their ghosts in Salem, New Jersey. And as all Okonowicz's books a ghostly legend or two concludes the book.

Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunted Houses of Michigan by Karen Hoisington Donaldson (White chapel Productions, Alton, IL. 888-GHOSTLY, www.prairieghosts.com, small paper, 68 pages, \$8.95, 1998, ISBN: 0-9651497-9-X)

A large collection of short stories

devoted to Michigan which I found interesting as there are so few books written about my northern neighbors. Some of the tales relate to public places the reader may visit while others are of private homes.

There are several very intriguing ghost photographs including one of an apparent semi-transparent figure standing near an open doorway.

Interesting reading!

Rated a 5 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Ghosts of Gettysburg IV by Mark Nesbitt (Thomas Publications, PO Box 3031, Gettysburg, PA. 17325, softbound, 96 pages, \$4.95, 1998, ISBN: 1-57747-038-9)

The fourth (obviously) in a series of booklets concerning the town of Gettysburg which was the scene of the fiercest fighting of the entire Civil War. Over 51,000 died during the three days of July 1, 2, 3 in 1863.

Nesbitt has presented some additional sightings in his latest book. Most of the stories included in this book happened right on some portion of the battlefield itself. I especially enjoyed the Bridge to Nowhere where numerous apparitions have been reported including a ghost in a wheelchair which is seen from one side of the bridge but when you cross the stream, he's nowhere to be found!

There are several interesting psychic photographs that were taken on the battlefield at the Triangular Field and Pickett's Field. They apparently represent energy balls and strange mists.

Another winner by Nesbitt!

Rated a 7 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunting Mysteries of "Monte Cristo" by Olive and Reg Ryan (Self-published, small paper, 02-69-1637, 23 pages)

A small booklet presumably written by Olive and Reg Ryan even though no author is given credit for the publication. Illustrated with pictures and concerning Monte Cristo, a large sprawling mansion in Junee, New South Wales, Australia and the many ghost stories attached to it.

My unsolicited copy also came with a guide booklet describing the history and legacy of Monte Cristo.

It's an interesting booklet but without calling the above number, I don't know how, you, the reader, could get a hold of a copy for yourself.

Rated a 4 in a 1-10 scale.

Reviewed by: Dale Kaczmarek

Haunts of the Upper Great Lakes by Dixie Franklin (Thunder Bay Press, softbound, 108 pages, \$12.95, 1997, ISBN: 1-882376-47-1)

Another well-written and exciting book from the Thunder Bay Press series on the supernatural. Northern Wisconsin and Michigan's Upper Peninsula have more than their share of ghosts and haunted places; from Lotta, the mysterious 'shady lady of the night' in Hurley, Wisconsin; to the ghost of Mary Greene, who apparently thinks she is still the captain of the Delta Queen, an elegant paddlewheel boat that sails the Mississippi River today; to the mystery light that appears along a lonely road near Paulding, Michigan; to the various shades and ghostly occupants of homes and inns on Mackinac Island and across the Upper

Peninsula and northern Wisconsin.

There are haunted lighthouses, haunted mansions and inns, and haunted woods - all waiting for you in this book.

The first story deals with the ghost light in Paulding, Michigan commonly known as the Watersmeet Ghost Light. I had the chance to visit that area and investigate this phenomena with other GRS members quite a number of years ago and came away with the clear understanding and proof that it was nothing more than car headlights and tail lights being seen from a distance. Nothing more; nothing less! The author leaves the taste in your mouth that it is indeed something supernatural. This is really the only shortcoming in the entire book.

The remainder of the stories are quite fascinating including the story of the Delta Queen and its former captain Mary Greene who continues to this very day to haunt this large and beautiful riverboat.

There are only a few photographs and some drawings and illustrations and there should be more. I believe it is better for the reader to actually see the area to know what the author is attempting to portray in the story. Of course, the flip side of the coin is that the imagination could also run wild which is sometimes just as effective. However I do prefer more pictures. Surely one book not to miss becoming a part of your ghostly collection.

Rated a 6 in a 1-10 scale.

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